

## THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.)

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WALTER CHAMP,  
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## O PERT AND PUDGY BABY.

O pert and pudgy baby, sometime you and I, may be.  
Will take a trip to Fairyland where wondrous blossoms grow.  
Where little folks are mighty, though somewhat flip and flighty,  
And shine and shadow's shuttles weave strange patterns to and fro;  
Where all the folks are smiling, where nothing is deffling,  
Where children outrank grown-ups with the brownies and the elves,  
Where make-believe's forbidden, no ambushes are hidden,  
Where people are contented to be just their simple selves.

And there are wondrous glories, you've heard of them in stories,  
A million marvels covering us with mystery and amazement;  
Ode craft that sail on crystal seas from fragile barks to dories,  
The skies with changing colors and designs just all ablaze;  
Where no one has to labor, where no one hates his neighbor,  
Where little folks are loving and the big ones just the same;  
Where countless playthings please you, where nobody may tease you,  
Where gorgeous insects flutter like gay jewels all aflame.

Where firefly lamps are living, good bees much honey giving,  
No colics and no bugaboos to tie kids into knots;  
Where fruit has extra slickness, in it no lurking sickness,  
And babies frolic freely in beds of forget-me-nots.  
Where streams are ever flowing, all folks extremely knowing,  
The babes considered wiser than the solon or the sage,  
Where lady-slippers are the sort in tinted beauty growing,  
And not the kind which paddle pets and put them in a rage.

Where no one worships money, long-faced folks counted funny,  
Each person packed with happiness from nose tip unto toes;  
Where none read books and papers, but all cut joyous capers,  
And wind which nips with frostiness and chilblains never blows;  
Where juveniles are jolly, no kidding melancholy,  
Where tempers sour are ever weak and love is ever strong;  
O pert and pudgy baby, we can remain there may be,  
And sing duets together in that summer land of song.

I. EDGAR JONES.

## JIM DORSEY'S PUPS

By Edith Keeley Stokely.

MAJ. LOWRY'S home was one of the finest in Binghamton. The old mansion, with its many widening wings, glittering windows and heavy-columned porticoes, painted always a creamy white, was a treat to the eye; but the spacious lawns that stretched about it were the attraction before which townspeople and strangers alike stopped with exclamations of delight.

There were stately trees from northern climes shedding their cones and needles with their soft rustle, and standing ever green and beautiful through the coldest months. There were flowering shrubs from the far south that burdened the air with their fragrance through the summer.

The grave, walks twisted away, past the fountain where a marble boy stood ever catching the heavy spray with out-turned hands, past handsome beds of verbenas, glowing clumps of gladioluses, and away to the stables in the rear where three fine carriage-horses arched their necks and whined to their painstaking groom. Yet despite the delight of all this, the major's grandson was the most miserable little boy in the world—and all because Jim Dorsey's dog had pups!

Jim Dorsey was the boy that lived in the little tumble-down house adjoining the major's handsome lawn. The major thought seriously of buying the grounds on which the little shanty stood, at an outrageously high figure, too, simply because he considered it a blot upon the face of nature.

Not a blade of grass dared to rear its head on that 40-foot lot. If it did, Jim Dorsey, or Bill Dorsey or Jerry Dorsey or one of the other five Dorseys ran or leaped or turned handsprings upon it, and promptly ended its miserable existence. Mrs. Dorsey was not nervous. Maj. Lowry was. And this brings us back to Jim Dorsey's pups.

They were beauties: Two jet black, one marked with a white star upon its forehead, the other two spotted liberally with white and a brick-colored red. The breed was—well, never mind, the Dorseys didn't care anything about that, and for that matter neither did the major's grandson as he stood over the pups, with a kindling feeling of jealousy and adoration, and a feigned expression of indifference and patronage, doing battle upon his face.

"How many you going to keep?" said Benjamin Lowry Graves, thrusting his small hands into his velvet pockets and stretching his small legs apart, after the manner of a connoisseur.

"Keep! Keep 'em all, of course," said Jim Dorsey, fondling the pups with a fearfully grimy hand.

"If I was going to own one," observed Benjamin, slowly, with the faintest perceptible quiver in his voice, "I'd take the black one with the spot on its head."

Mrs. Dorsey put her head for a moment through the door of the "lean-to." She was a large woman with a wide mouth, a decidedly upturned nose, but with a kind, motherly face.

"If you want one of the pups, Benjamin," she said, "Jim will spare you one when it's old enough; won't you, Jim?"

"Yep," said Jim, still absorbed in fondling his treasures.

Benjamin swallowed hard. "I'd like one," he said, "but I don't know. My

grandpa doesn't like dogs. I'll ask mamma."

That evening at his mother's knee Benjamin's prayer contained a supplementary appeal, none the less sincere for being whispered within his own little heart, that blended in this wise: "Bless everybody, and make me a good boy. Amen. And, God, will you please make grandpa like dogs. Make him like that one of Jim Dorsey's, with the spot on its forehead, forever and ever. Amen."

Something kept sleep out of Benjamin's eyes for a very long time after this prayer was whispered, while his mother mended the pockets of the small velvet trousers by the softly shaded lamp. Then a small voice spoke from the little white bed:

"Mamma, why doesn't grandpa like dogs?"

The sweet-faced lady bent her head a little lower over the needle. "I don't know, dear," she answered, softly. "All people do not like dogs. Grandpa likes a great many other things—flowers and trees and—"

"I hate flowers!" said the small voice, passionately. "They don't know anything—they ain't alive!"

"Grandpa is proud of his horses, too," went on the soothing voice.

"I don't like 'em," said the small voice, decidedly. "They don't follow a fellow when he calls 'em, and they don't sit up and beg, or carry baskets in their mouths. They don't like a fellow the way a dog does."

"Go to sleep now," said his mother, gently.

Two brown eyes shut tightly for a moment and then opened wide again. "Mamma, didn't papa like dogs?"

"Yes."

"And if he had lived wouldn't I have had a dog?"

"Perhaps. Go to sleep, Benjamin."

The gentle face was bent still lower over the needle.

But sleep was impossible with the thoughts that surged through Benjamin's rebellious brain. "Jim Dorsey is going to give me a pup. They have five. They have the old dog, too, and three rabbits and a pair of white rats and a coon. But I wouldn't want a coon. Do poor people always like dogs?"

"Perhaps. But I wouldn't take the pup, Benjamin. Not now. We love grandpa too well to cause him any annoyance." The lady folded up the trousers and drew a chair beside the little white bed.

"Once, a long time ago," she went on, "when I was a little girl, I loved dogs, too, and used to weep and be very angry because my father would not allow me to have one. But now I am glad that I did not disobey him. I am glad that I have never disobeyed him—and so will my little boy be when he is older. We will buy Jim Dorsey's pup, if you wish, and give it to some poor little child who has no other pleasure. We will talk about it tomorrow, dear. I am going to take the lamp out now. Good night."

"Good-night," said Benjamin, very near to tears. "But if you please, mamma, if I can't have that pup I'd rather just leave it with its mother." Yet as the light receded, a trustful little heart prayed again: "Please, God, make grandpa like dogs."

The major was a handsome, erect old gentleman, past 60 years of age. His mustache, his flowing side whiskers and his hair were quite white, but his eyes were as alert and his tones as decided as a man in earlier prime. Jim Dorsey's pups were three weeks old when he announced to his daughter one morning at breakfast:

"Maude, the governor of the state, and as you know, an old school friend of mine, will be in town to-morrow for the purpose of inspecting the state asylum for the blind. I shall invite him to dinner, so you may prepare accordingly. Of course you will know what to get, but I would suggest that you have quail as a side dish. The governor used to be very fond of quail."

All that day and half the next Benjamin lived in blissful anticipation of the coming of the governor. His lively fancy painted him at least six feet tall, wearing a helmet with a nodding plume and possibly a suit of silver mail. He was sure this last would be very handsome and appropriate, and perhaps he would carry a sword.

When in due time the governor appeared, wearing a black suit after the pattern of the major's, a soft hat, and carrying not even a cane, Benjamin's amazement and disappointment knew no bounds.

But the governor was fine-looking and pleasant, after all. Benjamin studied this out in the unoccupied intervals between the 11 courses that did honor to the major's board. And he smiled across the table at Benjamin as if he knew boys, and commiserated with him upon his befuddled shirt waist and yellow shoes.

After dinner, when the major suggested a stroll about the grounds, and this great man stretched out his hand to Benjamin with a smile, the last remnant of regret for the suit of silver mail vanished, and Benjamin laid his own hand in the governor's and loved him with all his grateful, loyal heart.

How finely the sunlight shifted, and how pleasantly the autumnal leaves crunched under foot that day, as the governor smoked and commented pleasantly on the fine effects everywhere present. The stables were visited, and the horses petted and admired.

"I have a new cigar," said the major, "that I had in mind to have you flavor in the open air. If you will excuse me, I will step to the house and get it."

The governor and Benjamin were alone. The major's grandson looked timidly up into the great man's face, while a sudden thought made his brown eyes sparkle with enthusiasm. "Maybe you would like to see Jim Dorsey's pups," he said, a note of eager anxiety in his voice.

"Jim Dorsey's pups? Certainly," said the governor, all attention.

In a moment the dingy lean-to sheltered the head of the chief dignitary of the state, and Jim Dorsey, proud and flushed, held the pups up, one after another, to the eyes of the admiring audience.

"That one would have been mine," said Benjamin, as the pup with the star on its forehead hung suspended for a moment by the back of the neck.

"Yes?" said the governor, pleasantly, as if waiting to hear more.

For one awful moment all the pent-up grief threatened to overwhelm the stout little heart. The next Benjamin finished quaveringly: "But grandpa doesn't like dogs."

"That's a pity," said the governor, and looking hard at the pup. "That will make a fine dog some day. Have you taught the old one any tricks?"

The proud mother acquitted herself of a number of astonishing feats, while the governor stood by blowing white rings of smoke in the air. Perhaps the years rolled back and he saw another faithful little dog, no handsomer than this, that bounded through his own circled arms with joyous bark.

The performance was finished, and Jim Dorsey stood staring after his departing guests, his heart filled to overflowing and his hand closed upon a 50-cent coin.

"That was a fine pup, of Dorsey's," said the governor again, as they crossed the lane to meet the major.

A few weeks later Maj. Lowry was honored by a letter from the governor. It spoke pleasantly of many things, and toward the end ran thus: "I have picked up something fine in its way—I know your love for excellence—and I send it by express, hoping you will be pleased. I also send a little gift for the boy."

For 48 hours the major lived in a glow of pleased anticipation. One of the morning papers chronicled the fact that Maj. Lowry has been made the recipient of an elegant gift from his friend, the governor of the state. Then an expressman labored up the steps with a heavy box, from the slatted sides of which peered out a finely bred greyhound and a small pup with a white star upon its forehead!

The major reeled for a moment, and then swallowed the dose bravely. The pup was taken rapturously to Benjamin's bosom, while the greyhound stepped forth into the major's welcoming hands.

"The hound is beautiful," said Benjamin's mother, her face aglow with delight, "but the smaller dog doesn't seem so fine."

"Tut, tut!" said the major, sharply. "The pup has a pedigree, rest assured. My friend, the governor, would buy nothing else."

In the early dawn of the next day Benjamin made his way to the Dorsey lean-to. "Yep," said Jim, "I sold the pup. The gentleman that was here that day wrote for him and sent five dollars. He was a good pup," added Jim meditatively.

Up in the stillness of their own chamber Benjamin whispered the secret to his mother.

"And in spite of the silver collar, mamma," he whispered, "I knew he was my own pup."

But the major never knew.—Youth's Companion.

## TALISMAN AGAINST ALL EVIL.

A Strange Prayer in Use Four Hundred Years Ago to Ward Off Danger.

This prayer was found in the fiftieth year of our Lord and again in the year 1515. It was sent by the pope to Emperor Charles V. when he was going to battle for his safety, and whosever shall repeat this prayer, hear it read, or keep it about him, shall never die a sudden death, or fall into the hands of his enemies, or be burnt in any fire, or be overpowered in any battle; being read over by a woman in labor, she shall be delivered in child-birth; if you see a man in fits, lay this prayer on his right side, and he shall rise up and thank you, and he who shall write this from house to house shall be blessed by me, says the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and he who laughs at it shall suffer. Cross of Christ, ward off from me a dangerous death and always give me life.

"Oh, adorable Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, dying on the gallows tree of the cross for our sins, altogether holy cross of Christ, see how I believe in thee; oh, holy, cross of Christ, tie up in me all the good and truth; oh, holy cross of Christ, will I be on the right way to happiness, oh, holy cross of Christ, ward off from me a dangerous death and always give me life; oh, crucified Jesus of Nazareth, have mercy on me; that the enemy may keep off from me now and for evermore, in honor of Jesus Christ, in honor of His blessed and sacred passion and unmerciful death, in honor of His holy resurrection and Godlike ascension, through which He lives to bring us in the right way to Heaven. True as Jesus was born on Christmas day in a stable in Bethlehem; true as the three kings brought their offerings to Him on the twelfth day; true as He ascended into Heaven, so the honor of Jesus Christ will spare me from all enemies to be seen and not seen.

"Now and forever into Thine hands, O Lord, I offer myself, amen; O Jesus, have mercy on me; O Mary and Joseph, pray for me through Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, who took Him down from the cross and buried Him; O Lord Jesus, through the bitter agony Thou hast suffered on the cross, in particular when Thy soul was parting from Thy body, have mercy on my poor soul when it parts from its mortal body and this sinful world; O Lord, save me, that I may carry my cross with Thee, and teach me that I may make my dangers all good. Amen."

Sleeping with the Mouth Shut. A physician declares that people who sleep with their mouth shut live longest.

## OLDEST ROYAL DIADEM.

Italy's "Iron Crown of Lombardy" Was Made in the Sixth Century.

Humbert's death at Monza was near a shrine to which all his life he had shown patriotic devotion. It is the iron crown, the oldest in Europe. The king often recited the history of the crown, and is said to have seen it more frequently than any other person in modern times, says the Kansas City Journal.

For 1,300 years it has been the symbol of a living power among the nations of Europe. It was formed by the skillful hands of Roman goldsmiths early in the sixth century, and sent by Pope Gregory the Great to the Gothic Queen Theodolinda when she had freed Lombardy of the Arian heresy. The outer circle is composed of six equal parts of beaten gold, joined together by hinges and set in rubies, emeralds and sapphires uncut, as they came from the mines, on a ground of blue and gold enamel. Within the circle is the iron band which, strangely enough, despite its age, does not bear a single speck of rust. In this great store is set by its admirers, for the iron band, so tradition has it, is formed from a nail that was used at the crucifixion. This band is three-eighths of an inch broad and one-tenth of an inch thick, and from it the crown derives its name. The celebrated iron nail in original form was given to Constance by his mother, Empress Helena; thence it found its way into the possession of the highest rulers of the church, at whose direction the crown was made. In later years it was used as the coronation of Lombardic kings, primarily at that of Agilulphus at Milan in 591.

The last sovereign who wore the crown was Napoleon I. In May, 1805, he assembled at Milan the dignitaries of the empire, the representatives of his royal and imperial allies, and a splendid circle of marshals and generals, and in their presence placed it on his head, repeating the motto of the "iron crown": "God has given it to me; woe to him who touches it." This same jeweled emblem of might and power graced the front of Charlemagne and a long succession of German emperors, ending with Charles V. It was once removed from the cathedral at Monza by the Austrians while they were retreating from Lombardy in 1859. They took it to Mantua and subsequently to Vienna. There it remained until the treaty which ceded Venetia to Italy in 1866, when it was restored to its old home in the Monza sacristy, and there it rests to-day amid the other treasures of Theodolinda, her jeweled comb, her golden hen and seven chickens, the symbols of Lombardy, and its seven provinces, and the crown of her husband, Agilulph.

King Humbert liked to repeat the inscription on the iron crown of Lombardy:

"God has given it to me; woe to him who touches it!"

In his speeches he frequently quoted the epigram of Gregory the Great on the crown:

"No one opposed to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic church may gaze on the iron crown and live."

## HOW TO DRINK WATER.

Much Benefit Is to Be Derived from Nature's Best Beverage by Sipping It Slowly.

As a rule it is much better to sip water than to swallow a glassful at one draught. The exception to this rule is in the morning, when one should drink a glassful or two of moderately cold water in order to flush the stomach while it is tubular, says Ladies' Home Journal. At other times, however, sipping the water is much more stimulating in its effect on the circulation. During the action of sipping the nerve action, which slows the beating of the heart, is temporarily abolished, and in consequence the heart contracts much more quickly and the circulation in various parts of the body is increased. Another advantage in sipping is the fact that the pressure under which the bile is secreted is considerably raised. It has been stated on good authority that a glass of cold water slowly sipped will produce a greater acceleration of the pulse for a time than will a glass of wine or spirits taken at a draught. Sipping cold water will, in fact, often allay the craving for alcoholic drinks—a point worth remembering by those who are endeavoring to reform.

## Fruit Souffle.

Put into a bowl one heaping cupful of fresh whole strawberries or raspberries, those without any hard cores or spots are to be preferred. Sprinkle over them one cupful of powdered sugar and add the unbeaten white of one egg. Beat with a perforated wooden spoon or a silver fork, slowly at first until the berries are broken and mixed with the egg and sugar, then rapidly and continuously until the mass is stiff enough to hold its shape. It takes about half an hour, so do not attempt it until you are blessed with the time and strength. When it is stiff place it in the ice chest until ready to serve. Dissolve one tablespoonful of sugar and one saltspoonful of salt in one pint of fresh warm milk. Then stir in quickly one junket tablet and turn at once into a deep glass dish. When firm and cold pile the fruit souffle lightly on the surface.—Boston Budget.

## Peach Shortcake.

Make a rich shortcake after any preferred recipe and place between the layers sliced peaches, sprinkled with sugar and covered with whipped cream. Heap whipped cream over the top of the cake and dust with powdered almonds.—Ladies' World.

## WANTED BOY, GOT THREE.

Brooklyn Letter Carrier Finds His Cup of Blessing Full and Running Over.

When George Hamlin, a letter carrier of Brooklyn, knew that he was to be a proud father his agitation was somewhat increased by a great desire that the newcomer should be a boy. While he was hanging anxiously around home the doctor came from upstairs and held out his hand.

"Congratulations you," he said. "It's a boy." Then the doctor went back to his patient.

Hamlin, left alone, promptly began to map out the future career of his heir. He was to be a model of virtue. His education should leave nothing to be desired, and when he had graduated with more honors than were ever captured by any other student he was to be a business man or—

The reentrance of the doctor interrupted his thoughts.

"More congratulations, Hamlin. It's another boy!" declared the medico. Hamlin's jaw dropped a trifle. The news was something in the nature of an embarrassment of riches.

Again the doctor left him to meditate over his suddenly increased family, but before the father could collect his thoughts the physician was with him once more.

"There's another, Hamlin!" he declared.

The proud parent's knees shook.

"You don't mean—" he began.

"I do. You've three boys. I guess you've got your wish."

Mrs. Hamlin and all the little Hamlins are doing excellently, and the father is a firm believer in the efficacy of a wish.

## NEW STAMPING MACHINE.

Chicago Postal Authorities Are Testing a New Cancellation Plant.

A new stamp-canceling machine is being tried at the Chicago post office previous to its adoption or rejection by the United States postal department. Its inventor claims that it is capable of canceling 125,000 letters every hour. The machines which are now used in the office have a capacity of from 40,000 to 50,000 letters an hour. They all work on the principle of either a rubber or leather band, with pin points to draw the letters under the canceling die.

This new machine uses the principle of suction to feed in the letters. A large wheel at regular intervals perforated with holes, under each one of which there is an air pump, revolves rapidly. A bundle of letters is laid on this wheel, and each hole as it comes around sucks a letter tight to the wheel, where it is carried under the stamper. About 800,000 letters are canceled in the Chicago post office daily, and if this machine is a success it will be able to take the place of a large number of the present machines.

## President Diaz of Mexico.

When Gen. Diaz learned of his reelection as president of Mexico, he said: "I must repeat what I said some months ago, that neither my age nor my capabilities qualify me to continue ruling the country. I am 70 years old, of which 43 have been devoted to the active service of the fatherland. As to my capabilities, I reaffirm my previous opinion, and I can only add that I will not withhold from my fatherland my closing years, if she requires them of me, any more than I have begrudged to her the unstinted services of my whole life."

## Six Robbers in Evening Dress.

The six robbers who recently broke into the residence of Mrs. Hilda Cole in New Orleans and robbed her of \$2,000 wore evening clothes and silk hats.

## MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, Sept. 8.	
CATTLE—Common	\$3 65 @ 4 40
Select butchers	5 20 @ 5 25
CALVES—Extra	7 25 @ 7 50
HOGS—Select packers	5 50 @ 5 55
Mixed packers	5 25 @ 5 45
SHEEP—Choice	3 65 @ 3 75
LAMBS—Extras	5 50 @ 5 55
FLOUR—Spring pat.	3 90 @ 4 40
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	75 @ 75 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	@ 43
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	@ 22 1/2
RYE—No. 2	@ 53 1/4
HAY—Ch. timothy	13 00 @ 13 25
PORK—Mess	11 62 1/2 @ 11 65
LARD—Steam	6 70 @ 6 75
BUTTER—Ch. dairy	14 @ 23 1/2
Choice creamery	@ 25
APPLES—Ch. to fancy	2 00 @ 2 25
POTATOES—Per brl.	1 25 @ 1 50
TORRACCO—New	2 50 @ 10 00
Old	12 25 @ 12 50

CHICAGO.	
FLOUR—Win. patent.	3 80 @ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	@ 75 1/4
No. 3 spring	73 1/2 @ 74
CORN—No. 2	40 1/2 @ 41
OATS—No. 2	21 1/2 @ 22 1/4
RYE	@ 50 1/4
PORK—Mess	11 10 @ 11 15
LARD—Steam	6 75 @ 6 82 1/2

NEW YORK.	
FLOUR—Win. patent.	3 75 @ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	@ 78
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	@ 45 1/4
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	@ 23
RYE	@ 53
PORK—Mess	12 00 @ 13 00
LARD—Steam	@ 7 10

BALTIMORE.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	69 1/4 @ 69 1/2
Southern	70 @ 72
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	@ 45 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	@ 25
CATTLE—First qual.	4 50 @ 5 37 1/2
HOGS—Western	5 90 @ 6 00

INDIANAPOLIS.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	@ 73
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	@ 41
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	@ 21 1/2

LOUISVILLE.	
FLOUR—Win. patent.	4 00 @ 4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	@ 70
CORN—Mixed	@ 43
OATS—Mixed	22 1/2 @ 23
PORK—Mess	@ 12 50
LARD—Steam	@ 6 75

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